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A Short

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R E P L Y

TO

M. L'Estrange's short Answer

TO A

Litter of Libels

In a Letter to a FRIEND.

Impar Congressu.


L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year 1680.

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1st ed.?

THE A



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17 feet of ribs

My dear friend,

English Congresses

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SIR,

Finding the other day in wet sheets, a Pamphlet owned by Mr. *L'Estrange*, called a short answer to a whole *Litter of Libels*; my wonted Curiosity provoked me to read the discourse, in which I found him so far transported with Passion as to let great undecencies fall from his Pen, and upon perusal I found that which put him into such raving fits, to be chiefly a Dialogue between *Tom Piper* and *Capt. Crack-brains*, An answer to *Cit*, and *Bumpkin*, which now at last it seems he owns, though for some weighty reasons I suppose he was pleased not to set his name to it at the first publishing: for the rest though of ill and Treasonable consequence to the government, are only named like a Catalogue of Books, and passed by without any notice, but only treasured up by him against the day of wrath, which he hopes will entitle him to the Office of Clapshouldering the Authours and Publishers hereafter: a special employ for his Grandeur; but it seems they did not then disturb the Gentleman, which occasioned that Sedateness towards them. Really Sir, it is a great oversight, that the State doth not take notice of men of such parts, as to give them employs to take their time up in nobler affairs than perpetual scribbling: For though they do well in their kind, yet at last they write themselves out, as I could give many instances.

(But now I am informed there is a place of a late invention, which may be a pretty diversion for a Melancholy man, *viz.* Corn-cutter to the *Baenia*. I would some body had it, that the world might be quieter.) But it seems, the Gentlemans Conscience lies that way; for he hath thrust himself upon answering Seditious Libels, when the cause hath been in a manner yielded up for want of advocates, not (as he hopes to be saved) (*p. 15.*) for he must have something like an Oath in his Papers) *out of passion*, and bitterness against any sort of people; but out of an impulse of Conscience, and a sense of duty, and all this you have his veracity for; he might have said *O fortunatam natam me consule Romanam*, what a lucky time have we fallen into, to have innocence and virtue, preserved by such a *Daniel*, from the Tyranny and lust of the wicked Elders! Now for a Gentleman to expose himself to daggers, and the rage of the wicked *Fanaticks* upon an officious account only, is a thing almost without parallel; he might though have remembered, that there were a great many abler Pens than his silent in the thing, of unquestionable principles too, which would not have been so, had the Government thought fit those Libels fit for any other answer than a whipping Post, which may be supposed it did not, because none commanded to undertake that province; but you never knew a Knight Errant stay for a Commission, when the *Daniel* was in distress: this officious zeal of his may entitle him to a new name, for he may be called *Seal of the land busy*, upon a juster account than his ingenious Worship gives the name of *dogrel* to the Author of the answer of *Cit and Bumpkin*, which hath so much needed him; yet for respect or shorness sake we'll *squire* him as often as there is occasion to mention him, and so by that name I'll take notice of him as occasion serves. Now to the point designed, in answer to his *Billinggate* paper, which is not at all to the purpose aimed at, for he answers by bits and patches, here a piece run down 'cause not ingeniously cited: he makes his marrying a young Lady, urged as an argument of his running the Plot into ridicule,

cale, and lessening the Kings Evidence (a thing he can never get off for all his *Acting*) but the *Squire* might remember that that passage is only brought in as a *reprimam* amongst others upon him, for his damned Libel in Skeldry, (p. 3.) which he endeavours so much to defend: The story of his being rebuked by the angry man of War, is only of the same nature, and not urged for any thing, but for a *repartee*, as a man may call it, upon that infamous Libel, as will appear to any peruser of the answer pretended to be answered: now he comes to his skeldry. There is one of them, says he, says, that the print called Popery in Maskerade, is *not so much a dumb narrative* of what's past, as a Scheme of what by intimation is at present designed; would not a man think now, that the charge upon him of lessening the Kings Evidence, and so foolishly circumstanced by his marrying a young Wife, and this, not to be *Sibb* to one another, as being from several Authors, when as they both arise upon the same account, that his Methods are such, as may entitle him to any thing but ingenuity? For is it any thing like that to utter so many Sophismes, on half truths in one page? But his readers being generally women, and consulting but one side, are very imposable upon; in Book cases, as all unthinking people are. Let's now examine how the *Squire* clears himself of the charge, that it is a Scheme of what he pretends is designed, and not at all Historical. He would fain wipe this matter off, because of some ill Consequendes may happen in the case, and therefore does his endeavours to reduce matters to a *Libell*, which if he faibling, he yields himself to be a Libeller, because he joyns issue whether History or Projection, to prove it Historical; he says, as man in common justice ought rather to allow it to be so for *facts* sake than deny it for *Muggletons*; but this being but a Flower of Rhetorick, he passes off quickly and comes to his main argument that it is Historical, which he calls a manifest one, from a parcel of Verses, which indeed does relate wholly to times past not worth mentioning, but what then? Though part be so, part is other ways,

ways, for whoever heard in that age of *Dick* and *Tom* the answerers to his *Cit* and *Bumpkin*? A thing of Yesterday, and alledged by *Dogrel* as the *Squire* calls the Author, and of T. the P. and C. C. B. to prove it a malicious intimation of a project, out of his singular good nature, now in designment; and though the presence of *Dick* and *Tom*, as Seditious Libellers, be brought in as the main argument against the Historicalness, yet the *Squire* passes that by without the least notice; but to defend his Scandalous way of abusing all the late Petitioners, as well as one Act Parliament, he reduces all things to the Cabal of 1640. and 1641. as if *Dick* and *Tom* had any thing to do there, and then with a Scoff goes on to Dr. Oates's Testimony, of the *Jesuites* influencing and leading the Councils of the Schismatics, as if he had any reverence for the Gentleman; but the Doctor ought to forgive him, for upon occasion he will use holy writ it self at the same rate. Then the *Squire* falls foul upon *Dogrel* charging him with a Moonness, by way of question, when *Dogrel* was so kind to him, Pag. 5. to help him to medicine for his Frenzy, which is a very unkind return by the *Squire* for that singular courtesie: now let's examine whether the Moonness be more due to *Dogrel* or the *Squire*. To draw an argument says the *Squire* for or against the Parliaments sitting in 1680. from the villainous practices of 1641. is Moonish enough, as likewise it is that a Book should be a History of 40 years ago, from the names of some chiefly concerned in the History born last week. Troth the *Squire* must to clean Straw shortly at this rate.

P. 6. To defend his bespattering the Loyal Gentry and Citizens with the names of *Cit* and *Bumpkin*, he has recourse to the Devils way of further blackning: he tells you of a company of Damn'd practices, which you have his own authority for, to get hands to the Petition, and it may be supposed if he could make any thing of that nature out, of his singular good will to the publick he would not have failed
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of it, especially when *Dogrel* had charged that upon him formerly, but Truly School-boys use to adjust one lye by another ; so I see no reason for my belief of any such thing, but think the *Squire* to be a man of happy invention that way.

P. 7. Then the *Squire* goes on to defend the charge of lessening Doctor *Oates's* Narrative of the Plot , by his old way of Scoffing off those matters.

From this, and many others I find that though this *Dogrel* Raskal be inconsiderable, yet the *Squire* thinks fit to make his defence against him , and sometimes but meeterly , as when *Dogrel* insinuates a charge of Gaming upon him ; he owns it and sneakingly says he hath not play'd at Cards this Twelve month. Such like defence a wise Lord of this Nation made for his Mifs ; The story lies thus : A Lord and the Lady his Mifs being stopt in their Coach by some troublesome Carts, cryed out it is my Lord of ——— I care not, sayes a rude Raskal, for my Lord ——— nor his Whores neither. What she hath been, says the Lord, I'll not say, but I assure you she is honest now. Thus the *Squire* goes to clear his mutinying against the government when out of imploy , to clear that charge he says he was more a Prophet than a libeller as he says, and refers the reader to the Pamphlet, as if any body would give themselves that trouble about him, who might if he had thought fit to have inserted that clearing passage, and would no doubt had it been true. Then he goes to defend the honour of his late place, viz. of Licensing Books, as if any body had defamed it, though he is forced to shuffle for a defence in the execution of it, for being charged by *Dogrel* for Licensing *humane reason*, he grants it, but under such circumstances as will make any man excusable before the greatest Justicer in the world ; for he says, he did it unread , which upon perusal he would not have done. But indeed it was overlookt by some-body before. Now good Mr. *Squire* the difference? Your worship to License without looking over , your fees only, as may be supposed, respected, and people to print at

at adventure: for no book of more pernicious consequence, has come out during that administration. But Mr. L. *Esfrange* is an honest fellow as the world goes now, as he says himself (p. ult.) so no more grumbling in this case; but he says there fell no fire nor brimstone upon it, and *Whitehat* stood where it did. I know *Doggrell's* mind in that point, he wears it would be just to if some body was hang'd.

Now after the Squire hath given as many scurrilous expressions as would turn a queasie stomach about his *Cit* and *Bumkin*, he tells you to justify his rayling against *Doggrell* as well as truth, that several models of petitions exposed in print, insisted upon the Parliaments sitting as long as they pleased, he might have done well to have produced one; For no body can think he can conceal any thing of that nature, until then we must believe all to be a staff of his own.

P. 9. But now *Doggrell* look to thy self, for the Squire comes furiously upon thee: but I believe it will be his care as it was with a foolish Parson, who was railing without sense or manners on the Pope, He lay a Groat on the Pope side says a stranger, and put an end to the rapture: Now he charges *Doggrell* to be mad for crying Rascally Politick, raskally Pickthank, sycophantly knave, &c. Now the occasion is thus, for the Squire scorns to do any man in that case right. *Tom* the Piper one of the Dialogists giving an account of our late warrs, says they proceeded in some measure from Raskally politicks, pressing both sides to extremity, and fomenting all differences into the bargain: but *Doggrell* hopes to see a 1000 such Raskally Pickthanks hanged before any thing of that nature happen again. Now what harm is in all this?

Then *Doggrell* is charged with raving again, because he tells of ranging the petitions of trying the Lords in the Tower, with mutinous, and seditious ones, as an argument in some mens esteem of equal guilt: but this he comes very well off in, for he fairly tells us, that those 5 petitions, one against the Lords

in the Tower, another for the sitting of the Parliament, till they had gone through with what they had to do,

3. *For taking away the Bishops votes,*

4. *Removal of Evil Councillors,*

5. Putting the Militia into safe hands, are all without any intimation, or charge of crime, that now must be fallacious; for every body that knows any thing, must know that all petitions of that nature but the first, though never so modestly offered, are seditious if not treasonable. Then he falls upon poor *Doggrel* for taking it ill that the City should be reflected upon as ill affected, and not writing against the appeal from the countrey to the city, as if writing of pamphlets were every mans duty; but the *Squire* to mend all comes off very prettily from his charge of perpetual clamouring upon the Presbyterians for 1641. And passing by the Irish rebellion by saying, it is just as if a man should quarrel another that is intent upon the theme of *Conventicles* for not writing the history of *Japan*; as if the matters of those rebels now in a fresh conspiracy as may be reasonably believed by any but of an extraordinary scull, were as forreign to our concerns as the affairs of *Japan*, but it is his nature to flubber off all things that may reflect upon Popery still at that rate.

But in page the 10. he humms it off, when he tells us what dangerous rogues the schismaticks are, and refers us to a drunken and tumultuous meeting in *Essex* at an election, of which there is no record extant, and so believable at pleasure; but his averments are commonly so authorized, that if *Doctor Oates*, had not been otherwise, I should have been as willing to have sham'd it away as any body.

Then the Gentleman falls upon poor *Doggrel* for his kindness to that party in saying truth, *that they asserted the Kings interest in the lowest ebb, and that they were the second cause of his Majesties restauration*; for no body can deny, but that the Scots under Duke *Hamilton*, and Sir *G. Booth* and his party undertook a noble design, though it failed in the end;

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but I assure that learned Gentleman, that the Royal party was left out, not of designment, but as there was no occasion to speak of it; for if *Doggrel* be the man I think on, he is as much a Royalist and son of the Church, as his mighty Antagonist, and hath run through as many prisons for that cause as most of his circumstances; and I am sure his answering *Cit* and *Bumpkin*, was not the result of any d sloyalty, but only to lay an unknown person open, who by his pestilent insinuations had endeavoured to provoke so considerable a number of men, as are comprehended in that paper; and I dare say he is very sorry the authour proves to be *Mr. L'estrage*, or any body of loyal perswasion who I wonder should run down *Doggrel* for his meally mouthed way of covering the late rebellion under the gentle term of deviation, and then call him bribe, and what not, for it, when *Mr. L'estrage* may call to mind, if his Pickeering against the Plot have not made him forget the method of prayer, that the greatest sins incident to mankind, are comprehended by the Church, under the soft expression, of *erring, and straying* from the ways of God, which is synonymous to *deviation*. Then the Gentleman falls to railing against the Parliament that dissolved themselves in order to the settlement of the nation, a thing as foreign to the matter designed as it is to good manners, considering how instrumental they *viz.* the major part were.

Then the learned Gentleman clears himself of writing the loyal intelligence, if he say true, for his credit is now in the wane, he hath but the luck to father other folks children, a fate sometimes incident upon a married state, when a young wife is in the case. Then he falls to picking out dangerous matters from a paper of verses in *Denhams* Sophy, and from some fatal end of some unfortunate Princes, which he resolves into this great treasonable charge at last, that *Doggrel* had a mystery in his meaning, and so leaves him to expound it himself, a very kind expression considering the charge page 12. but within two lines he claws poor *Doggrel* off, and tells us that *His Libel is*
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the venome, and malice of several others drawn into one, with lyes, sauciness and ribaldry of his own. The gentleman I perceive foams, for I cannot tell what he means by those words, but men that are of great fame may call any thing by any name they please without controul ; but I wonder those small things, if there were such, should be so severely reprov'd, when his own profane swearing, and scurrileous scoffing at holy language, is considered in his learned dialogue, a thing animadverted on by *Doggrel*, though not replied to by the *Squire*. Then he makes a sally for a jest, allows himself to be a fidler, to call poor *Doggrel* fool into the bargain, a thing forced in to shew his wit, which is so mean too, as would scarcely become the grandeur of a Sophister ; for *Doggrel* never fixed that name upon him. I have now done with the gentleman, who has now taken his leave of *Doggrel*, and continues the rest of his discourse in an harangue of his own incomparable pen, and loyalty, and I think the gentleman has been like his neighbours for the latter, but if for the former, I'll conclude with a story. A certain great Lady in the world was as indefatigable a writer in Philosophicall, as the *Squire* in Polemical discourse ; so one of her retinue commending her for employing her time in those noble studies, when other Ladies wasted theirs in some trifling way or other: There is but one thing, added he, to make your Ladyship compleat. What, that replied the Lady, being well pleased with the preamble. Even, says the Gentleman, burn on the Saturday night, what you wrote the week before. And truly if the *Squire* would follow that method, it would be a great quietness to mankind, and so I rest

Your humble servant,

Philo. Doggrel.

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